

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DAY CHICKEN.

Vol. II.

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No. 19.

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POETRY.

For the Star.

LINES.

TO "KITTLE" OF WILLOWOOD.

Why sleep thy magic pen,
These unknown, silent ones?
Will it never wake again?
And is its music done?

Or will it in this gloomy hour
Awake, in undiminished power,
A spirit never at rest,
Should never sleep at rest;

Thou'lt never last penned a line
That should not be a sign,
But thou, in gentle, loving mood,
Hast taught us to be kind and good.

Oh! break thy silent sleep,
And rise for truth and right.
Come! Do not longer keep
Concealed, thy talents bright.

But think of the vision that
Thou'lt bring to the world's eye,
Then KITTLE wake once more, for heaven
LATERE.

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come, let us think of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The city has many attractions,
But think of the vision that
Thou'lt bring to the world's eye,
Then KITTLE wake once more, for heaven
LATERE.

You talk of the mists of Australia—
They're wondrous in gold without doubt,
But all there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll show it out.

The mercantile trade is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest East,
But none is made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start.

The bankers and brokers are wily,
They take in their thousands or so—
All kinds of frauds and deceptions,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest,
The cowboys are kind and true,
You are as free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.

Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits come in rather slow,
Remember you're not farming for logs, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

SELECTED STORY.

CHATHAM:

A TALE OF THE HEART.

BY AUTHOR OF "CLASS MATES," "CLUB OF FOUR," &c.

The loves of Chatham and June
Flows from the same celestial springs,
Just as we play the solitaire tune,
Upon a thousand different strings.

And they who tell us love can die,
Because its early dream is lost,
Are wrong—its immortality,
Shows clearest where its hopes are crossed.

I proceeded to the old summer-house,
That I had so many times sat in with her,
By my side, and as I sat in expectation,
Found her there. She arose from the bench
She was reclining upon, at my approach.

"I come to bid you farewell, Chatham."
"It is better so," said she placing her
Little hand in mine, "as you will soon forget
You ever loved me."

My feelings were beyond control, I
knew my head over her hand, and wept like
a child. Long afterwards did I seem
to hear the gentle tone and the tender
words with which she endeavored to reason
with me, and strove to calm my despair.

"I have, no doubt, been much to
blame, Edgar, to have listened to you;
to let you so much in my company
without warning you, as I was promised
wife. I suffer with you, Edgar. It pains
me much to see you unhappy. I have
loved the well, Edgar, as you know it,
but none know how I have suffered in
being obliged to give it up." She
gazed into my face, her large blue eyes
nearly filled with tears.

"You will bear up like a hero, Edgar,"
She had a hand upon my arm.
"Hush! Edgar!" I exclaimed rather
fiercely; "I have nothing—nothing to
look forward to in life—no one to care
for me."

"Hush! Edgar! I will think of you
ever as a dear friend, and pray for you
every night and every morn."

Other eyes may smile upon thee,
Other arms may round thee twin,
Other lips in tender kisses,
Still may lovingly press thine.

When in far off countries roam,
Newer friends and loves may find,
But none e'er will love thee better
Than the one thou'lt leave behind.

"Not only will you not be mine, Ja-
cynthia, but how can you think of me
when you are the wife of another?"

I thought she suppressed a cry of pain
as she said, faintly, yet endeavoring to
speak in an earnest manner, "Edgar,
you will be to me as a brother."

For a moment I turned from her, then
exclaimed passionately, "Hereafter I am
desperate—will not one to care for me,
I go! Farewell!"

Long after that parting, in fancy I saw
again the pure and look that rested upon
her face as I hurried from her. I
often sat at night in my dreams, with
quivering lips and eyes nearly filled with
tears. I was too proud and angry to re-
trace my steps, and to that relative, I had
ever loved. We parted, never to meet
again as we had met in the days before
that parting.

The past history is an old story, often
told in sadness. Others than Jacyntha
Englan and I have parted, knowing that
we had "loved in vain."

I was a young man, as a matter of
course, with a horror of "women of

fashion," and a contempt for "walking
tall" signs. After leaving college I
soon tired of city life, was contented
with death there, and sought retirement, free-
dom, health, and happiness in the society
of books and nature, at the plantation of
a well beloved aunt Jane, in the State of
Georgia.

Hardly had I been at "Green Wood"
two days before my "gude aunt" insisted
that I should call on a neighbor, Jo-
seph Englan, and for the first time I saw
Jacyntha, Mr. Englan's only child. Ja-
cynthia Englan possessed personal beauty
in a slight degree—tall and slender, an
almost colorless face, which generally
was a thoughtful expression. Her eyes
were of a blue, shadowed by long dark
lashes, and she had light hair, not exactly
"golden," which she wore gracefully ar-
ranged around her head. I found my
new friend, upon acquaintance, an enthu-
siastic and devoted lover of books—in a
word, "a student for love."

For a high purpose she lived. I became
a daily visitor at Englan Nook, as we
would spend hour after hour together in
silent study or reading aloud, one at a
time, from Virgil, or often from Shake-
speare, his "King Lear" being her favorite,
while I preferred to read "Romeo
and Juliet" to her, and when I would
read the balcony scene, I am would im-
agine I was Romeo and she Juliet, and
then Jacyntha "would speak yet say
nothing," her eyes discolored.

"The lightness of her cheek would shame the
stars
As daylight darts a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing, and think it were not
night."

I was very much in love. My love
for Jacyntha, at this distant day, I com-
pare to Romeo's love for Rosaline, and
yet it must have been deeper on my part
than was Romeo's for the fair Rosaline.

It was in the summer-house that, on
pleasant days, I met her. In her tastes I
found her simple and natural, and such
tastes I loved in a woman, and she was
tender and thoughtful. But when I asked
her to become my wife, although I felt
my love was returned, she told me that
she could never become such, for from
infancy she had been betrothed to the
son of a neighboring planter. I appeal-
ed to her father, commencing to tell him
of our loves. "It is entirely out of the
question, my daughter must and will
become the wife of Charles Brown, and
the plantations of Englan Nook and
Grassmire united."

The secret of Jacyntha's betrothal
came to me immediately. The worldly-
minded father cared not for his daughter's
happiness but rather that her children
should own two of the finest plantations
in the State. And, young and hopeful
as I was, I felt that there was no hope for
me at headquarters, and too well I learned
that nothing could make Jacyntha Eng-
lan disobey her father's slightest wish.

I would not remain where everything
reminded me of a jewel which I could
not have, and never own, so I prepared
to journey in ancient lands, which I had
often longed to do, and of which journey
she had often spoken of "ere my fate was
decided, as a dream of many years."

A month after the parting at the sum-
mer-house I was far from Englan Nook;
the pathless ocean separated Jacyntha
and I.

I was one year abroad—one year with-
out any other object in view than to pass
the time as rapidly as possible. A por-
tion of the year was passed in gay, betel-
ing Paris, and my first year abroad was
ended in Venice. I was wearied with
young American, I myself, had serious
intentions of going to the allied army in
the Crimea, as a volunteer, not caring
how quick, or in how expeditious a man-
ner the Russians put an end to my life.
I had been fifty-three weeks parted from
Jacyntha, and twelve of the weeks had
I been in Venice, and for twenty-nine
weeks had Jacyntha been a wife—Mrs.
Charles Brown. Since my return in
Venice I had occupied rooms in an old
marble palace, no doubt at one time oc-
cupied by princes, and made glad by the
company of the nobility. I was thinking
very seriously of departing forthwith for
the Crimea. I had parted with all my
quaintances, whose gondola had just left
the landing place, and I was standing
there with the moon—a Venetian moon—
showing down its foreign beams upon
my uncovered head. I heard a voice—
a youthful, sweet toned voice, singing
in the original tongue of one of Beranger's
lyrics; the singer seemed to be seated
in the casement above me. I looked up-
wards; the fair songstress, (for she was
fair) was gazing at the gondola constantly
passing and repassing. I had a full
view of her face. It was such a face as
I imagined she might have, judging from
her voice. A woman who could sing as
she did, had no business to be other than
beautiful. She had proud features, raven
black hair, and eyes

"Like two of the fairest stars in all the heavens,"
A clear olive complexion, and an air of
hauteur that strangely captivated me. I
determined to make the acquaintance of
this beauty who lodged in the palace that
I also had apartments in. I did not have
any trouble in becoming acquainted with
the lady, or at least in receiving an intro-
duction. As I was meditating within
myself, a gondola stopped at the landing
place, and two gentlemen stepped from
it. They were acquaintances of mine—
Sir Clinton B. and Baron Vrasoude.

"Which way, Messieurs?" asked I,
greeting them.
"We go to call on a beauty. Will
you not accompany us?" politely asked
the Frenchman.

"Willingly." I had an idea that the
"beauty" and the "songstress" would
turn out one and the same person.

We entered the beautifully designed
room that served as the reception room

for the suite of rooms occupied by Sir
John Poinigo.

The fair songstress entered after her
visitors had been announced. Upon a
closer view I found her more beautiful
than I had thought her. She was tall
and stately, with a fine fullness of form,
and a quiet grace in her movements that
I could not help noticing. I stood in the
back ground, gazing admiringly at this
superb beauty, when my two accom-
panies drew back, after greeting the lady,
and revealed myself. Sir Clinton intro-
duced me.

"Miss Valerie Allegard, mon amie,
Edgar Chatham, of the State of Louisi-
ana." When her wondrous dark eyes
turned upon my face, I bowed, I felt my
face light up as it a flame had shone
through it. I soon felt as if I had known
her one year rather than one short hour.

She was enthusiastic on several subjects,
and possessed, at times, a sparkling wit
for her most brilliant humors there was
a delicate freshness that I liked much. As
Jacyntha's want of artificial beauty, man-
ners or attractions had at first attracted
me, so did the delicate freshness of Miss
Allegard's manner make my heart leap
a new with love.

During the visit, we were speaking
about the gentler sex. I happened to
strike upon a subject upon which Miss
Allegard was very enthusiastic.

"All women like admiration," said I.
She darted from beneath her dark eye
lashes a reproachful glance at me—
"I hate a coquette—aye, despise such
a being more than any other I wot of."

I looked with admiration at this beau-
tiful Franco-English woman. Her mo-
ther was the sister of Lord Poinigo,
and her father a French gentleman, with
a handsome face and fine form, and an im-
pulsive, loved and married by Miss
Poinigo, who died in giving birth to
Valerie, whose father bequeathed her to
her uncle, two years afterwards, gave up
the ghost, his spirit fleeing from his body
through an air-hole made for that purpose
by an exasperated Benedict, with his
trustworthy sword, and Miss Allegard had
from infancy been her uncle's daughter—
an only one at that—Sir John's nine re-
sponsibilities or olive branches, (as you
pleased) being all of the greater mascu-
line.

"I repeat it," she continued with flash-
ing eyes, probably mistaking my mis-
take of admiration for one of derision, "no
woman with a true or kind heart would
deceive a man with silvery accents or
false smiles. No woman with a noble
heart would torture a man—and I hate a
woman who would do this with a kinder
heart than in so doing she lowers not
only herself, but her sex."

I admired this strange talking outright
woman. She appeared to feel what she
spoke, her dark eyes flashed, and her
cheek flushed with a radiant glow.

I replied to her outburst, more to hear
her reply than anything else.
"Miss Allegard, men are not as sensi-
tive as you seem to think. We are of
the sterner sex, and do not break our
hearts very easily, and when we do we
mend them again as good as new."

She gazed earnestly at me, as if to
read my very thoughts.
"Mr. Chatham speaks not from his
heart. He wishes to hear me speak."

I blushed, for Valerie Allegard had
fairly read my thoughts.
"For woman is not undervalued man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to love, but like to difference,
Yet in the long years later must they grow,
The man to love of woman, she of man."

"Woman should not trifle with the
tenderest and holiest feelings of man—
A man and woman, for many years has
hand and wife, grow, he more of woman,
she of man."

When we took our departure I took
her hand in mine, and was about to leave,
when she said:
"Mr. Chatham, you occupy rooms in
this building. I will be glad to have you
call any time you wish to pass an idle
hour. I will be glad to be honored by
your presence," continued she hurriedly.

I thanked her, and pressed my lips to
her hand and went to my room, to sleep
and to dream of a fairer than Jacyntha.

I frequently made one of the party as
assembled in the old wassailor's reception
room where Valerie Allegard held court.
I had passed my time in the Crimea,
and remained at Venice, fighting against
a battery more powerful, in my case,
than any at the Crimea, "a pair of spark-
ling black eyes." I was no volunteer in
this warfare; I could not help myself. I
was like a Sisyphus, tied to the engine of
the English, about to be annihilated. I
was tied by the chains of the little god,
"Love," and, like the Sisyphus, though I
might be annihilated, I could not break
my chains.

Valerie was passionately devoted to
music, and loved poetry, its exaltation
entering into her spirit. Although fond
of poetry, she was not of study, and was
very unlike Jacyntha, who revelled in
Virgil and Homer, and Shakespeare,
while Valerie's favorite poets were Bea-
uclaire, Spenser, and Tennyson.

One morning I prepared myself to
leave my fate from Valerie Allegard, and
I proceeded to her boudoir. She was
seated at the window, where I had first
seen her reading Tennyson. I paused a
moment to contemplate her before she
saw me. She looked fresh and beautiful,
dressed in white.

She greeted me kindly, and with a
sunny smile.
"I trust you will forgive me for this
intrusion, Miss Allegard, when I reveal
the object of my visit."

"You do not intrude, Mr. Chatham. I
was wishing for your genial companion-

ship, and not having it, took up "Maud,"
and was interested in—
"Maud with her venturesome climbing and tumbling
and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy
of the hall,
Maud with her sweet pure-mouth when my
father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced
darling of all."

when you entered. I prefer your com-
pany to the most clear and sparkling
songs."

I wished to know whether her heart
and hand was disengaged, and I knew that
Sir Clinton B. was one of the most prom-
inent of many suitors.

"Miss Allegard, from rumors, I fear I
shall soon have to address you by another
name."

"I do not comprehend."
"Is it not true that you are to become the
bride of the wealthy, intellectual, amiable
and handsome Sir Clinton B.?"

She looked half-angry and said:
"I have no love for the man, though he
may be all you say."

"Valerie!" A deep and burning blush
covered her face and neck, and she started
from her seat. "I will now reveal the
object of my visit," and I caught her by
the hand, "you must know it already."

"I do not and cannot love Sir Clinton
B., and you will please tell him that the
answer that I gave him in person was a
final one, and she turned from me as if
to leave the room.

"Stay, Miss Allegard," and I again
seized her hand, "I am not, as you seem
to think, Sir Clinton B.'s ambassador."

"When I first saw you seated where
you now are, singing, I was charmed with
your voice, and determined to become
your friend, and if possible gain your
love. To speak frankly, Valerie, I love
you. Will you become my wife?"

She was silent, then burying her face
in her hands, this most beautiful woman
I ever saw, wept.

I trembled. "Can it be that you who
profess to hate coquettes, are one your-
self?"

I stood as if I were a statue, tuning
my head away from her. I felt a hand
upon my arm, and a beautiful face looked
pleadingly into mine.

"Edgar, I love you immeasurably!
How could you doubt me, and speak
such cruel words?" there was a slight re-
proach in her tearful eye.

"I am your Valerie!" I drew her
near to me, and she leaned her head upon
my shoulder.

"The fullness of my joy found expres-
sion in tears," she said, explaining the
tears that had caused my heart's pang.

I raised her head, gazed a moment in
her beautiful eyes, and pressed my lips
to hers. That kiss was the heart's sacred
compact.

We were married in Venice, and then,
after the honeymoon was passed, we re-
membered we had a future, and we sailed
for home.

Since my marriage with the love of
my manhood's heart, I have met my first
love only once, when she introduced me
to the heir of Englan Nook and Grass-
mire plantations. A revoir!

Rose Cottage, Alabama.

I AM GOING HOME.

What a world of meaning in those
words! What music to a wanderer's
ear! How it quickens our pulses and
sends memory surging back, bringing on
its return over the ocean and quickens
of time the recollection of the happy
days of yore.

Home, dearest spot on earth, around
which cluster and centre our best thoughts
and wishes, or there dwell the dear ones,
and with open look before him endeavors
to commit to memory the lesson for the
morrow; but memory is wandering far
and to the happy days long since past,
carrying him back to his childhood's
home, his early associates, and his book
is a perfect blank.

"I am going home," says the mer-
chant, rising from his chair, and closing
the ledger which he has occupied his at-
tention through the long, weary day.

He gives a few orders to his clerks,
and drawing on his coat hastens to meet
the loved ones. The smile that plays
around his mouth speaks plainly of the
pleasures he is anticipating in the reunion.

"I am going home," says the sailor on
the wide ocean, as he paces to and fro
upon the deck of his homeward bound
vessel.

The waves dash high against the side
of the ship, and breaking scatter their
tiny drops around; he heeds them not,
is unconscious that the wind is screaming
through the masts and threatening to
scatter him back to his childhood's
home, his early associates, and his book
is a perfect blank.

"I am going home," says the me-
chanic, rising from his chair, and closing
the ledger which he has occupied his at-
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around his mouth speaks plainly of the
pleasures he is anticipating in the reunion.

she camp, for those musical words resound
in his ears.
"I am going home," says the dying
Christian, while the body is racked with
pain. No sigh, no complaint, not even a
murmur escapes those parched lips; only
these words, accompanied by a heavenly
smile breaking over those wasted fea-
tures. "All is peace; I am going home."

Already she realizes what joys are
awaiting her, sees the angels with their
crowns, hears the music, behold her Je-
sus. She is almost home.

We are all going home; we are jour-
neying swiftly down the rugged path of
life to our better home—a home undimmed
with earthly objects which perish; not
where

